THE
Universalist Leader

Boston May 13, 1922 Chicago

Mary knew what every Mother will some time know—that every Child is a Child of God

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt!
(*Louis Untermeyer.*)

υ λ

Mexico is the only nation in the Western Hemisphere whose government the United States has not yet recognized.

υ λ

Spiritualism is a witness, to men engrossed in materialism, that matter is not all. (*Christian Work.*)

υ λ

We shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life. (*Booker T. Washington.*)

υ λ

The war is over; we are not menaced, even remotely, by another. This country has just agreed upon a drastic cut in warship-building and upon the scrapping of vessels already existing. Why in the name of all that is sensible shall we continue to maintain a great naval personnel, much of which, in a little while, will have nothing to do? What are we reducing armament for, if not to reduce the human force that has operated this armament? Cutting the number of men in the Navy is going to hurt—somebody; that is but natural. And there is sure to be an outcry from those who feel the pinch. But the common good is for the greatest number, and the people are the latter. (*Boston Post.*)

υ λ

Which is the better friend of Organized Labor, Samuel Gompers or Samuel Untermeyer? Mr. Gompers denies that a contract between Unions and employers is "bilateral." Mr. Untermeyer insists, on the other hand, that it is for the ultimate good of Labor organizations to respect the sanctity of a bargain. One thing may be regarded as certain: Collective bargaining is doomed unless both sides are bound by it. Logically, then, if collective bargaining is a good thing, then Organized Labor has a better friend in Untermeyer than in Gompers. Logic is always inexorable. (*Brooklyn Eagle.*)

υ λ

Unless the ratification of the Pacific treaties is followed by positive teaching on the part of the Churches in favor of world peace the treaties will simply lull us to sleep. Meanwhile the militarist propaganda makes itself felt in many journals. No great reform can ever get itself thoroughly established until it perfects for itself an educational program. (*Christian Century.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

Distance is the parent of many a saint.

* *

Your jest that hurts a friend hath no humor.

* *

In the time of peace prepare for enduring peace.

* *

The wealth of character will weather the worst panic.

* *

The moral lapse unless stayed soon becomes a crime.

* *

The more servants a master has, the more must the master serve.

* *

It is not safe to throw intellectual matches into intellectual rubbish.

* *

Those are pleasant pastures which are seen over the neighbor's fence.

* *

The little dog that chases the bird never catches it, but he has lots of fun.

* *

There is no trouble working for humanity to him who loves humanity.

* *

Who rides on the neck of another to glory finds only shame at the end of the journey.

* *

The twig in the stream which yields a little to the current may outlast the hard set post.

* *

In our haste to be rich so we may get happiness we trample our happiness into the earth.

* *

He who looks only backward and forward for good is apt to miss the good that is.

* *

There are those who boast they are not covetous, because they have everything in sight.

* *

A little fun will season the dinner, but all the fun in the world will not make a satisfying full meal.

* *

When you seek for real freedom of speech flavored with sense, you will find it to-day in the Christian pulpit.

A closed mouth is a mighty engine of peace.

* *

The mind of God is bearing new thoughts every day, which wise men pick and assimilate, and grow God-like.

* *

Be not afraid of new truth, for the mines of truth are not yet exhausted, nor has the need of it been satisfied.

* *

The best way to get a new minister is to make over the old one by appreciative listening and cordial co-operation.

* *

One youth stubbed his toe and fell, but arose and went on. Another sat still and never stubbed his toe, and never got anywhere.

* *

It is he who rides on the flood of enthusiasm who gets landed high and dry on a desert place, or finds repose at the bottom of the stream.

* *

Have You a Budget?

The manufacturers of "a well known saponaceous compound," to use Joseph Fels' pat phrase, cover magazine pages and bill-boards with the question, "Have you a little fairy in your home?" We suggest that for the next year and longer than that if necessary, each church bulletin board and parish paper ask, "Have we a budget in our church?" For the beginning of business salvation for any church and for all churches is a carefully considered and intelligently planned anticipation of its needs and opportunities. Nor is this true for weak and struggling churches alone. Such great churches as the Lynn First and the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, find it equally vital. If you do not know how to go about it write to Dr. F. O. Hall, chairman of the Commission on Public Welfare, and find out. The better our business methods the better our support from those who know and demand efficiency, as well as good intentions. Never mind when your parish year closes, begin now to study your problems and outline your plans. Some of the most efficient churches have a standing budget committee that works throughout the year. If you have no such committee in your church, then the trustees may do the work, but, anyhow, get it done.

REACTION IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council are to be merged into the International Sunday School Council of Religious Education. The first joint meeting is to be held in Kansas City, June 21-27, and it is expected that from eight to ten thousand Sunday school workers will be present.

Among those originally invited to address the convention was William J. Bryan. Later, the invitation was withdrawn. Then the committee was petitioned to reissue it on the ground that the removal of Mr. Bryan's name from the program "would result in great harm to the Sunday school cause, to the convention in Kansas City, and to the cause of Christianity in general." Accordingly, the invitation was again extended.

However this action may be explained, there can be no mistaking its significance. Mr. Bryan has not merely raised a religious issue, he has become one. Essentially that issue is whether ignorance and bigotry and superstition or intelligence and freedom and loyalty to truth are to dominate the Christian Church. Over and over again, since 1896, Mr. Bryan has proved his wellnigh hypnotic power over an audience. Those who are responsible for what ought to be the greatest Sunday School Convention in the history of America, propose to make the youth and the teachers of youth there gathered victims of a great master of mob psychology, whose purpose they can not misunderstand, and for whom success will spell spiritual tragedy in the lives of his hearers. We do not envy Dr. Marion Lawrance and his associates the situation in which they find themselves. Still less do we envy them the choice they have made.

* *

PAUPERIZING THE JOINT-HEIRS

THE aim of our alms has been changed. To our own surprise experience has disclosed that emotional contributions are promotional of the very poverty we had felt moved to alleviate. Cash without consideration, of mind as well as heart, has actually resulted in pauperizing the recipient. And this has occurred in so many cases that it has caught the eye of the welfare statistician, assumed pre-eminent importance in serious surveys, and produced fundamental changes in recognized methods of philanthropic administration.

Educators have found themselves confronted by mental conditions not entirely dissimilar. Experience has disclosed the actual character of intellectual poverty too easily inclined to perpetual dependence. Under the compelling influence of this experience, educators have eliminated the old idea that "the child was made for the school." They, themselves, went to school to the children, and they have formed their modern standards on the same basis on which Jesus declared his definition of the Sabbath, and now contemplate the school as made for the child. Extension schools, vocational guidance, and elective courses have all been born out of the new idea that education's high ideal is not a mind so packed with ready-reference data that ordinary examinations never place the diploma in jeopardy, but the mind prepared to tackle new problems on its own initiative and to pursue them with intelligence, courage and fidelity. In other words, a student who knows how to use his mind so that he becomes a self-supporting unit of society is a living witness to the value of the school graduating him.

Citizenship in the Kingdom of God, of which Jesus so constantly taught, must be reckoned in these same practical, experience-born terms in the religious thought of the reconstructed, after-the-world-war Church without regard to any sectarian label. Whether the individual be one who, trying his own way, has so dismally failed—no matter how or why—that he needs spiritual welfare work, or an ordinary average person simply needing spiritual instruction—whatever be his age—he must be so helped that he will come to be able to help himself.

Spiritual hunger and thirst must sometimes be instantly relieved; clothing and immediate lodging must sometimes be supplied even without investigation. Hospital cases are emergent and no hurdles must intervene. But any relief afforded the human soul must be incident to the larger plan of self-development, until the individual served shall become a self-supporting unit in the Kingdom of God. Any desire for learning the Christ-thought, whether born of classical, scientific or vocational inclination, must be immediately met by any Christian Church, without too rigorous entrance examinations; but whatever instruction be so imparted must be only an incidental element attuned to educating (*i. e.* leading out) the intrinsic, God-born soul to a knowledge of its own identity, its own rights and privileges, its own duties and responsibilities, and consecrated as a means to the end that he become a self-respecting child of God, proceeding on his own initiative to learn and do the will of his Father who is in heaven.

The old methods of religious welfare and education—great registers of progress, as revealing the Christ-desire to seek and save the lost, as they were when first inaugurated—have, nevertheless, pauperized human souls. They have developed the habit of begging, of spiritual poverty. and of perpetual dependency upon external human authority. They have made men into mendicants. The result justified the exclamation made, long since, by Leigh Hunt: "The paucity of Christians considering the number of them is astonishing."

Christianity must become Christian. According to Jesus, the individual is born with "the kingdom of heaven within" him. He can only become a Christian by following Christ; but he is born a member of the divine family, an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. Christian welfare work and Christian education must so conceive the individual soul and must so deal with him that his internal spiritual kingdom shall come to properly functioning adjustment with the external social kingdom of God and His righteousness on earth. The individual must become a self-supporting unit, not a pauperized joint-heir. This is Universalism, the inevitable religion of tomorrow. Its origin and keynote are at once the universal Fatherhood of God. Its one logical, common conclusion is the final harmony of all souls—each of its own initiative and volition—with God.

The World in Washington

II The Faith of a Belgian Noble Lady

John van Schaick, Jr.

"IT is all very well for us to talk about universal brotherhood," said the Countess, "as long as we have soft places for ourselves. When a man lives in a back alley and can keep a faith in brotherhood, that is a different matter."

"I talk about it in my addresses," she said, "and you talk about it in your sermons, and unquestionably we do good, but I realize all the time that some so-called common people have climbed up far above us in realizing the ideal of brotherhood."

This Belgian "noble lady" is the Countess Helen Goblet d'Alviella, now visiting Washington. She is young and beautiful, with a most attractive and magnetic personality, and keeps her simplicity, her charm and effectiveness, before an audience.

With General Pershing and the British and French Ambassadors, she spoke the other night at the National Convention of the Women's Overseas Service League.

"Coming into New York harbor," she said, "I felt that I was coming into a new world. . . . You have not only built tall buildings, but a vast community life. The intrinsic value of human life is the new thing in the world and the keynote to America. Nothing matters so much to a nation as the lives of the individuals in it. During the war, I was struck by seeing American soldiers, railroad engineers, wearing gloves at their work. When I spoke to the American officer he said, 'We find it more economical to use the skin of a glove against a rough surface then the skin of a man.' With us Europeans, the glove is the expensive thing to be protected. With you the hand of the man must be protected at all costs."

In what environment have such insight and such opinions been developed?

During the war we found Count Goblet d'Alviella, her father, in the Belgian Cabinet at Le Havre. He is a professor in the University of Brussels, a world authority on comparative religions, a member of the liberal party, and at the age of seventy-six has just been re-elected to the Belgian Senate. He is distinctly an "intellectual" as Europeans use the word.

The Countess, the mother of our visitor, is American by birth, from one of the old families of Albany.

When the German invasion drove the Government out of the country, the duty of the father and mother took them to Le Havre, but for three years the young Countess stayed in the country, under the Germans, working for her impoverished countrymen.

Then she took the chance to come out of what was virtually a prison, by bringing some children around through Switzerland to France.

When we met her, she was already at work in hospitals for Belgian wounded. Because of her interesting experiences under the Germans, her speaking ability and perfect command of English, the British Y. M. C. A. sent her out to speak to the soldiers. In the last year of the war, she addressed English, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, East Indians, Belgians, and finally the Americans both white and negro, unquestionably exerting a marked influence. Then the armistice changed everything in the war zone, constructive as well as destructive. But here was one of the war workers who did not stop. The Countess Goblet took back into freed Belgium the knowledge gained by association with the workers of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and a great desire to bring the joy and freedom of such associations to her countrywomen. Most of them had been isolated for four years. While the women workers of allied countries had been developing undreamed of powers in the stress of war, they had been standing still. She looked on the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. as meeting places for all classes and creeds—as opportunities for mutual service on terms of perfect equality, and has perfected organizations of both in Belgium.

Speaking to the delegates of the Woman's Pan-American Congress, on Mrs. Dupont's beautiful yacht in the Potomac, she said: "The approach to the girls who come to our Y. W. C. A. is outside the class to which they belong. We know that what Jane Addams said is true. We must do things with them and not for them."

Many social service workers and church workers use this maxim as a part of a program of efficiency, and honestly seek to apply it.

In my opinion few in our land of equality accept the principle with the honesty and devotion of this Belgian noble lady. It is her deepest conviction that the working girl has an experience and an insight of value to the more resourceful members of society, and that the meeting must be one of absolute willingness to give and take, or help and be helped, on both sides.

That her spirit was understood may be seen by a note written to her on her first holiday in the country during the war. A class of working girls to whom she had been teaching English, none of whom had been able to go to the country for over three years, wrote to her saying: "We have been so unhappy because it has been raining and it has spoiled your holiday."

That she is not a thoughtless optimist may be seen from this:

"We have a long hard road to travel to the goal of brotherhood in Europe. So many nations have done so many cruel and bitter things to other nations, that it is hard to get them together. A little country like Lithuania has a population of Letts, Germans and Russians. For centuries whichever one has been uppermost has trampled on the others. A soldier of one of the races there lay dying in a hospital where the language he spoke was forbidden. His old mother, knowing no other language, could not speak to him. At the last hour, the nurse whispered to her, 'Go talk to him for a moment while I watch.' It is that kind of tradition everywhere that we run up against."

Going over the United States under the auspices of the National Y. W. C. A., the Countess everywhere is bringing this message to the women of America: "Let us strive to understand each other as nations in the

spirit of Lincoln, 'with malice toward none, with charity for all.' Let us pledge ourselves to the building of a new world that the children of the generations to come may live without war. Can we not make the issues of peace as compelling as the issues of war?"

It was this noble lady whom we had as our speaker in the Universalist church on Woman's Sunday. It was a great day.

She goes on soon to Boston and to Wellesley College. She sails for home early in July.

More clearly than most visitors she makes us see the larger fellowship to which we may belong if we are true to our professed convictions.

That it is a growing fellowship we realize when we read that at the National Y. W. C. A. Convention at Hot Springs, which the Countess came to attend, the question arose as to directing a commission to prepare a new basis of fellowship to include all who will accept the principles of Jesus. Though the objection was made that such a statement would include Christian Scientists, Unitarians and Jniversalists, less than 200 out of some 2,000 voted against it.

A simple little French verse with which the Countess closed an address expresses her philosophy and her faith. Even in its English form it is worth remembering:

"If all the girls of the world would only clasp hands,
All around the earth, they could make a big circle.
If all the boys of the world would only be sailor lads,
One could build with their ships a bridge across the sea.
One could make a circle all around the world,
If all the folks of the world would only clasp hands."

The Forgiveness of Sins---A Discussion

W. P. F. Ferguson

"IT seems to me," said my Orthodox-preacher friend, as the canoe grated on the sand, "a most terrible thing not to believe in the forgiveness of sins."

I waited while we carried the "birch" across the shingle and laid it under the overhanging balsam branches. Then I vouchsafed the question for which I knew he was waiting.

"So?"

"Yes; as I remarked, the Universalist refusal to accept the plain teaching of the Lord in regard to the forgiveness of sins seems shocking."

I waited the while I mounted the camera and trained it upon the trail across the narrow stream where the moose were sure to come down to drink as the sun should sink lower.

"You don't believe in the forgiveness of sins, do you?" The polemic champion was only waiting for the lifting of his gauntlet.

I gave the telephoto lens the last touch and lay back upon the warm shingle under the branches, lanyard in hand.

"That depends upon how you interpret 'forgiveness,'" I answered. "But this is sure: you Orthodox people don't believe in forgiveness of sins, nor do you have a place for the idea in all your theological system."

He gasped—literally gasped. Instead of accepting his challenge, I had dealt him what his knightly Orthodox soul felt to be a dastard blow under the shield.

"Why," he almost sputtered, "we certainly do believe that God, for Christ's sake, forgives the sins of all those who truly repent and devoutly believe in him. Every Orthodox teacher has so taught from the beginning. I refer you to the whole course of Christian doctrine—"

"Steady now," I interrupted. "You say you believe in the forgiveness of sins. What you mean is that you talk about forgiveness of sins. In another minute you would be telling me that God graciously accepted the vicarious sacrifice of His Son, Jesus, as a substitute for the punishment justly deserved by sinners, and thereupon forgave the sinners. I've heard you preach. I've heard you tell the faithful that Jesus not only suffered physical death but also suffered the consciousness of the wrath of God, that he actually descended into hell, that, in the words of the hymn, 'Jesus paid it all.'

"Now where does that bring us? If the debt is paid, the debtor has no debt left; the creditor shows no mercy in refraining from collection of the account, for he has demanded and received all that is due him. Last winter, a poor widow of your parish could not pay her coal bill and so you paid the bill. Did the coal company forgive her anything? Did it show any mercy to her in not seizing her petty belongings? No; it simply had no further claim upon her, since you had paid her bill. You would have been indignant had the company insisted that she owed them gratitude for 'forgiving' her.

"No, don't say anything yet. Here is your position. God, the Father, and His Son, according to your theology, entered into a contract by the terms of which he, the innocent, should suffer for the guilty the punishment for the sins of the world. The Son died upon the cross, died under the concentrated wrath of divine justice, descended into hell, paid the full penalty. Now, in all honesty, what claim has God upon any sinner? Reduced to plain terms, God has not foregone one iota of the punishment He decreed. He demanded a punishment of blood and suffering and He has had it."

"That," protested my friend, "is a crude and most untheological statement, and, as it seems to me, highly and dangerously irreverent."

"Pardon me, that is not to the point. My statement presents the facts or it does not. If it is not a presentation of facts, dispute it; leave me to face the question of irreverence, for which, if it exists, you are not accountable. I have simply, crudely, if you will, applied the first principles of logical reasoning to your own theory of salvation, and shown you that, if your theory of the atonement be correct, God has forgiven not one sin since the crucifixion. More than that, if He has inflicted punishment for sin, He has been collecting a debt which has already been paid."

"Well," he conceded doubtfully, "leave that

for the present and tell me what you Universalists really do believe about sin and forgiveness."

"I can't speak for Universalists," I replied. "They have never set up a form of words and declared that salvation depended upon its acceptance, but I can tell you, perhaps crudely, what this *one* Universalist believes.

"As I see it, sin has two aspects, its sinister force in the moral world, and its effect upon the individual character. If I sin, I do two things: I set at work in the world a force contrary to the will of God and destructive of the moral order, and I also create a flaw in my own character. God is concerned about my sin from two standpoints: He must counteract the force of my act in His world and He must teach me not to repeat the act. Wrath was never any part of the divine character. God forgives sinners, not because somebody else has suffered in their place, but because of the goodness of His own character. You recognize the voice of God in your heart, commanding you to pity the ignorance and inexperience that brings your children into trouble; will He who sends that voice into your heart fail to exercise the same forbearing pity toward you? Punishment, as the expression of divine governmental wrath, never existed in the divine plan of dealing with man. The punitive justice administered by our courts when men are sent to non-reformative imprisonment and to death is a strange exhibition of the going astray of human thinking."

"Has God, then, no right or duty to inflict punishment for its moral effect upon His universe, for the expression of His displeasure against sin?" my listener asked.

"In other words," I framed his question, "must God send sinners to hell to vindicate His holiness and maintain respect for His perfect law?"

"That's nearly the idea," he assented.

"You believe, I take it, that the endless tormenting of lost souls in hell can teach to what you preachers call 'the assembled intelligences of the universe,' respect for God, and even love?"

"But you overlook," and my friend's voice was pained and shocked, "you overlook that I am a frail and fallible man, while God is infinite in His wisdom and power."

"That is just what I do not overlook," I replied, "and you will pardon me for saying that I have heard that nonsense till I am tired of it. By just so much as God is greater and wiser and better than you, it is exactly that much less possible for Him to do the thing that you would be ashamed to do yourself—condemn your child to endless punishment.

"And now," I went on, "I'll tell you my idea of God's dealings with us, not in the matter of sin as an abstract thing, but of sinning as a concrete fact. There, it seems to me, He treats us as we, at our nearest approach to wisdom, treat our children. God can not change me from a sinning creature, from a character misshapen by sinning, into a clean and upright being by the forensic act of declaring me forgiven."

"But," again protested the preacher, "what mean all those passages about 'blood and sacrifice,' and 'washing,' and 'redemption,' in the New Testament?"

"Figures of speech, all of them," I replied. "The disciples were Jews; they could speak and think of religious things only in the terms of the Jewish law and ritual. The terms were useful for the conveying of ideas."

"To get back to the main-line track of our talk—what does God do about our sinning, our 'sinfulness,' would be nearer your way of putting it?"

"By every lesson of human experience, He educates and disciplines His own character and likeness into us, by the pleasant, and by the bitter and terrible, if need be. Don't make the mistake of thinking that because God loves us and plans nothing but good for us, He mollycoddles us. You Orthodox people sometimes accuse us of believing that there is an easy 'back way into heaven,' that it doesn't make any difference how we live since we are all going to the same place. But you believe that a word of acceptance at the end of a wicked life and a 'belief' will admit to heaven the chief of sinners. I believe that no soul will find God's nearer presence until it is fit for His presence and communion. And that is what God desires, the happy harmony with Him of all the children of His love, desires it with an intensity of longing that transcends my wish for it as much as His wisdom surpasses mine. There is one vital point of difference between your creed and mine: you believe that God is going to fail to do what you profess to believe He wants to do for a great multitude of His creatures; I believe that God never fails in anything. He is not going to be thwarted in the accomplishment of His purpose for a single soul."

"But you leave out original sin!" It was an exclamation and the preacher was leaning toward me with intense earnestness.

"Yes, I not only leave it out, I laugh at it. Original sin, as you call it, is a nightmare of the schoolmen. It's out of the question in the thinking of sane thinkers. We may have, do have, unfortunate inheritance from our ancestors, near and remote, but inherited sins, never. Neither you nor I sinned in the fall of any real or legendary Adam. No Adam had any more power to bargain his guilt upon me than I have to bargain mine upon my great-grandchildren.

"And get this clearly, as the major idea of all that I have said: It is my Father at whose hand and by whose love and wisdom all this course of education comes to me. God never repudiates His Fatherhood of any of us. It is the Father love, constant as His sunlight; it is the Father wisdom, unfailing as the very laws of the universe; it is the Father power, the same that swings the orbs in the infinite space—that, all that, which is 'able to keep that I have committed unto Him.' "

"Why, bless my soul! There are the moose now!" My friend's whisper thrilled with the ardor of a Nimrod.

"Yes," I said. "The three of them came down back when you were asking about 'original sin,' and have been standing there ever since, wondering what is over here under the trees. I 'snapped' on them minutes ago, and those antlers will make a sensation or I lose my guess."

"A beautiful picture"—we were sliding the canoe into the water.

"Yes, it isn't often you see a whole moose family like that," I answered.

"Oh, I was not speaking of that. I was thinking of what you said about God. It tempts me, but I take refuge from my unbelief in the knowledge that the human heart is 'deceitful above all things.' "

As we took up the paddles, I said, "You've taken the wrong part of the text. The heart that tries so hard to shut out a realization of God's universal love is 'desperately wicked'—that's what's the matter with it. But never mind; God has somewhere the school ready to take all that out of you."

The Papers of John Pererin

XXXIII The King on the Ass

SOME of the reflections that passed through my mind on Palm Sunday have carried me a good deal past the semi-political meditation which I reported in my last paper. And if, by this time, Palm Sunday has once more become a faintish memory, permit me to make an ample apology for recalling it by saying that I wish every Sunday were Palm Sunday and Easter day as well. Which, good readers, is after all not an apology but an aggravation.

But what I set out to say was that if Palm Sunday should make a difference to our politics, what a difference it should make to our theology, and would, if only we understood it! It is one of the curiosities of theological research how profoundly our political ideas have colored our religious thinking, especially our thoughts about God. The Jahwe of the Old Testament—until we come to the great prophetic tradition—is a glorified Oriental sheikh. The Presbyterian tradition has been discolored throughout by the Roman doctrine of sovereignty upon which Calvin rested his system. To him God seems to have been a sort of celestial version of the Roman Emperor, the seat of absolute power, who disposed of issues of life and death at will; and you have only to add the conception of omniscience to this in order to discover how the doctrine of Predestination was born. The grimness of Calvinism comes from the application of a relentless logic to this central idea of absolute sovereignty. In these days of limited monarchy, we have, as Francis Thompson wittily says, "made the Almighty into a constitutional monarchy, with certain state grants of worship but no control over public affairs." And in a republic, I have observed that God is apt to look like an eternal President. But you may search the Gospels from end to end, and you will descry in the mind of Jesus no sign of a political Deity. The God of Jesus is a God who serves. It would turn most of our conventional theologies upside down if we depoliticalized them, if at the heart of them we set the Love of God instead of the Sovereignty of God. And this is only another way of speaking of making them Christian.

But what in that event would become of the pre-millenarians? I am afraid that I do not like millenarians. That does not mean that I do not like some people who are professedly pre-millenarians. But I do not care for them when they are (so to speak) millenarianizing. They strike me then as not being wholly rational. They seem obsessed. And they are always so cocksure and so censorious. I am of course thinking of the militant millenarians. There are some millenarians of a quiet and lowly mind who cherish their great expectation with a tremulous joy. But the others—may God have mercy upon them for their intolerance and their truculence, who in their zeal for Christ deny the spirit of Jesus!

But what strikes me as peculiarly grotesque is that they envisage the second coming of Christ as a sort of display of secular royalty, and they speak of his "personal reign" upon earth as though he were going to be a kind of edition *de luxe* of a king. This is to miss the whole meaning of the Gospel. And one of the profoundest lessons of history. The Christian revelation has had no more conspicuous influence in the world than in the abolition of privileged classes, and one consequence of this has been the gradual diminution of the glamour of kingship. The war indeed saw the last of antique orders of kingship. And it is in this discredited vesture that the pre-millenarians clothe their returning Lord.

Now I am going to return at another time to the whole question of adventism. There is a truth in it which is I think of the substance of the Christian Gospel. And it is essential that we should divest this truth of the deplorable habit in which it is clad to-day. But, meantime, it is worth pointing out that if there is to be a Second Advent, we have the clue to its manner in the story of Palm Sunday. When the King comes, may he not come as he once came, riding upon an ass? I know all about the great imagery of the apocalypse passages in the Gospels, but we are not to accept that imagery as though it was a literal picture of coming events. That is to treat the Gospels with that dull unimaginative literalism with which the Jews treated their Scriptures and against which Jesus was forever protesting. Of this we may be sure, that unless God's nature has changed in the meantime, He will show Himself as He has ever done—in great humility. And when the Son of Man comes in his glory, we need not be astonished to find that his glory consists in a peasant's smock or a suit of worker's overalls.

For the Son of Man came not to be ministered to but to minister. And however and whenever he comes, he will come not as a king, but as a servant, not as a monarch, but as a man among men. And all this talk about His "personal reign" on earth is in stark contradiction of all that we know of his mind, unless we interpret his royalty as the royalty of humility and his sovereignty as one of lowly—yes, and the lowliest—service.

Lord of our Life, who art the Fountain of Light and the Reason of Reason, keep us rational; deliver us from the blindness of literalism and dogmatism and censoriousness; and give us that vivid rationality which comes to those who commit an open mind to the spirit of God and who thereby acquire the mind of Christ. Amen.

Poems for Mothers' Day

MOTHER O' MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Rudyard Kipling.

* * *

MOTHERS' DAY

So at last we've got to mother, by our deviatin' ways,
With a thought to plant some gladness in th' garden of her days.
We have bowed to men-immortals an' have made a lot of stir
'Bout th' glory of our nation—but we've been neglectin' her.
An', th' fact is, she ain't askin' fer no emphasized degree
Of th' thing men call distinction—lawsy, no—old mother she
Asks fer nothin' more heroic than th' feelin', warm an' snug,
Of a Mothers' Day remembrance in a lovin' little hug.

Mothers' Day! I like th' meter of its sweet an' rhythmic ring,
Fer it breathes of early Maytime an' th' very soul of spring.
Then it is my thoughts of mother kind o' run to happy hours
Back behind th' old home kitchen, watchin' her a-plantin' flowers,
An' I draw sweet mem'ry pictures of my childhood long ago
When her step was more elastic an' her brow had less of snow,
An' to-day my soul's a-pinin' an' my heartstrings feel a tug
That is nothin' more than hunger fer a lovin' little hug.

Folks, they tell me that th' doctrine of our havin' Mothers' Day
Is to kind o' ease her burdens in a lovin' sort of way.
Just to send her to th' parlor, in her newest Sunday gown,
With a sweet command, but final: "Mother, now you go sit down."
Pile her high with glad attentions, match her smile with words of praise,
An' you'll ketch yourself a-wishin' all her life was Mothers' Days.
An' you'll draw her fondly to you an' you'll feel her old heart chug
As her tear of gladness thanks you for a lovin' little hug.

W. M. Herschell.

* * *

TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS

They schooled us to service and honor, modest and clean and fair,
The code of their pride of living, taught with the sanction of prayer.

Who were our sharers of sorrow, who were our makers of joy,
Lighting the heart of high manhood in the heart of the lonely boy?

Hallowed with love and with wonder, in sheltered ways they trod,
Seers of sublime divination, keeping the truce with God.

Confident, tender, courageous, leaving the law for the higher,
Lifting the feet of the nations out of the dust and the mire.

Luring civilization on to the fair and the new,
Given God's bidding to follow, having God's business to do.

Mothers unmilitant, lovely, moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

If we be the builders of beauty, if we be the masters of art,
Whose were the gleaming ideals, whose the uplift of the heart?

Theirs is the starry vision, theirs the inspiriting hope,
Since night, the brooding enchantress, promised that day should ope.

Bliss Carman.

* * *

PRAYER FOR MOTHER

Lord Jesus, thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care;
And thou wilt hear, while for my own
Mother, most dear, I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know, from day to day,
The deepening glow of life that comes from thee.

As once upon her breast
Fearless and well content I lay,
So let her heart, on thee at rest,
Feel tears depart and troubles fade away.

Her every wish fulfil;
And even if thou must refuse
In anything, let thy wise will
A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.

Ah, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may not understand
Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

I can not pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget
Her due reward—bless her in earth and heaven.

Henry van Dyke.

* * *

THE MODERN MOTHER

We read about the mothers of the days of long ago,
With their gentle, wrinkled faces and their hair as white as snow;
They were "middle-aged" at forty, and at fifty donned lace caps,
And at sixty clung to shoulder shawls and loved their little naps.

But I love the modern mother who can share in all the joys,
And who understands the problems of her growing girls and boys;
She may boast that she is sixty; but her heart is twenty-three—
My glorious, bright-eyed mother who is keeping young with me!

Florence Howard Wolcott.

The Washington Church

The Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.

ONE of the stories told of Abraham Lincoln, familiar to almost everybody, is to the effect that after he became President he was asked, by some inquisitive churchman, why he had never joined a church. He replied, "When a church will write over its door simply these words, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and with all my soul."

It seems a pity that the questioner could not reply, or did not reply, "Why, Mr. President, that church really stands within easy walking distance of this spot." Perhaps there was no such church at that time. I do not know. But there certainly ought to be such a church in our time, and all Washington ought to know where it stands and what it stands for.

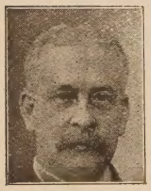
Dr. Newton has told us, and Dr. Barton has proved to us while declining to tell us, that Abraham Lincoln was a universalist—with a little u. He was not a "technical Universalist," says Dr. Barton, which means that he never belonged to the Universalist fellowship with a big U. And the reason was that Universalists had no church in Washington in the days of Lincoln, and not until after his death was there any attempt to have one.

What a great boon it would have been to our cause if Lincoln the universalist had become known as a Universalist. Our people would surely have revived, like a Phoenix arising from its ashes, the "infidel book" which Lincoln had written as a young man, and which some over-officious, orthodox individual burned because it was heretical. We now know that this "infidel essay" was really an argument for universalism from the standpoint of Scripture and reason. We could well afford to pay the whole "million dollar drive fund" for a copy of that book to-day. It would be worth so much to us as seed to scatter broadcast over the world—worth more than all the sermons that all our ablest preachers have ever preached! Perhaps if Lincoln had found the church he would have liked to join, he would have rewritten that book, or something as good, for the sake of our cause. We lost the greatest opportunity that any Church in America ever had.

Now the question is: Shall we go on losing other opportunities perhaps as great? Other Lincolns are coming along. Every year unnumbered thousands of all kinds and conditions of men pass through our National Capital. They go to see the White House and the Capitol and the Pan American Building, and visit the Art Gallery and the Congressional Library. Among other things they look upon and admire the many beautiful church buildings which ornament the city. If they are religious people, on Sunday they attend one of these churches. They do not, in our time, care much for the denominational name. They go to the church that attracts them and to hear the preacher who is able to inspire them. After that they go back home, to the four corners of America, and carry the influence of that church and that sermon with them. There is no other spot in the United States from which can emanate so strong and so wide an influence for our cause, if we have the right kind of edifice and the right man in the pulpit.

That is the reason why we should have both.

Editorial Correspondence



THE biggest chance I ever took was when I invited a pan-reformers' council to meet on my Front Porch, in the interest of efficient co-operation in making this world a little better. There seems to be so much waste motion, so much loss of power! Here is a great wheel which is whirling around with all its might, but not producing anything; right next is another big wheel and a lot of little ones, whirling with all their might, and among them all there is no connection by belt or gear—every one for itself, independent of every other one; all good wheels, but not assembled for service, not "connected up!"

* *

In my simplicity I had a vision of these reformers all working together to make a better world, but I did not know the wheels within the wheels. It was so soon after the world-war, I supposed naturally that the next step in human progress was towards world-peace; and I expected this council to be a love-feast opened with a hymn of peace, but as well might one hope to open Donnybrook fair with prayer, or to inaugurate the woodland chorus of the birds with sixteen-inch siege guns!

I had no more than mentioned world peace as a possible common ground on which to begin, when I was interrupted with the fierce challenge that there can be no world-peace until every cigarette is banished from the land, and before I could reply a feminine voice shouted, "World-peace depends on the immediate abolition of the powder puff and the lip stick," when another burst in with, "The abbreviated stocking bars the way to peace!" Then came another voice shouting, "Down with the gum chewers and the flappers; away with the jazz dance and the midnight parties and unchaperoned maids!" About this time a firm man's voice intruded itself through the confusion with the statement that the enforcement of the Volstead act to the limit would bring peace, every other reform was "dependent on that," and he would have made a speech right there if he had not been drowned out by an insistent female who shouted that "nothing but the fully enfranchised woman could ever encompass this end." "Foolishness, foolishness," screamed a bewhiskered man, "there must be a new political, social and economic order before men can know peace." "Not so, not so," was a reply, "nothing can be done until people stop drinking tea and coffee!" "Not until labor has full justice," said one, and another, "Not

until Ireland has her freedom, and Irishmen dislike to fight!"

By this time my co-operative council was in such a state of hullabaloo that I was tempted to call the police, but realizing that would only bring in another factor, and that there are limits to the size and strength of my porch, I refrained, for I noted that already, where some of the delegates had fallen or been pushed to the floor, striking their heads on the hard cement of which it is made, the floor had suffered severe fractures! I am willing, nay, eager to have world peace, but I can not afford to have my porch sacrificed in getting it!

* *

This Front Porch of mine is a peculiar possession; there is no other porch just like it; no other porch has such facility of motion, and such weird attraction. It rests here in calm dignity, or it floats away over the blue ocean, or up through the ambient air; it goes and comes whenever and wherever and however I wish, without detracting from the beauty and worth of the house to which it is an appendix.

Furthermore, it is the center to which I can draw the whole world—the lone fisherman, the horny-handed son of toil, the sleek and quiet and rampant parson, the President of the United States and even Babe Ruth all come at my desire. The children of the schools, and the children of old schools who have grown old, all come at my call. Only a little while ago I had seated in one rocker the late Charles Darwin and in the other the very much present W. J. Bryan, and a festive monkey playing about between them!

Oh, this is some porch, and altogether too valuable to be knocked to pieces by the heads of reformers! My council of peace was turned into a campaign of war. I was discouraged, but I noticed over in the corner an interested bystander by the name of Ford, of whom some people have heard during the last few years, and I recalled that he had had an experience in trying to sail a "peace-ship" into the war zone, only to discover that the dangers of war were more abundant on board the ship where people were few, than in the front trenches where the cooties were many! And so I approached Mr. Ford to ask if he would not enlighten me as to what was the trouble with these good people. But he promptly said, "No." But I gathered from him some of these things, which, if he did not say, he may have thought. He had had his experience at an expense of half a million dollars, and those people were farther apart when they reached the other side than when they left New York. The trouble was they were not whole-souled, open-minded people. It could be said of every one of them, as Emerson said of some people, their heads run up into a spire, only one point to them. Now you can never do much in world-fellowship with a lot of one-idea folks, and that is the kind of folks most folks are. That is what wrecks most of our co-operative effort. That is what makes churches ineffective and schools inefficient. The very best material in the world, whether human or metal, can never serve until the parts are assembled, and adapted and connected up. The big store with a vast stock of goods is a failure until the goods are arranged each in relation to all and all to each. The newspaper with the best of copy easily destroys its worth by a bad make-up.

And this all means sacrifice, that is the key-word to all harmonies. Mr. Ford's human menagerie on the peace ship was a failure because it was a menagerie instead of a group of sane and sensible men and women. Had they been sane and sensible they never would have gone! I think I am fairly sane and sensible and I did not go—because Mr. Ford did not invite me! But those people who did go were just like my group of reformers, with too narrow a view to see their own particular hobby in its relation to the peculiar hobbies of other people, and were not willing to sacrifice their fraction for a splendid whole.

I am thinking over this assembly of world reformers and wondering what was the matter with my plan, and have nearly reached the conclusion that I began at the wrong end. Instead of trying to get the reformers to reform the world, the first essential seems to be to Christianize the Christians and reform the Reformers.

F. A. B.

English Correspondence

BLESSED is that country that hath no State Church. The presence with us of that ecclesiastical anachronism makes for all sorts of odd and awkward happenings. Last Sunday, the Dean of Durham was announced to preach at Clapham Congregational Church, and the service, we were told, was intended to exhibit our "essential unity," but it certainly succeeded in demonstrating the other thing. Before the service the Bishop of Southwark intervened, pointing out to the Dean that it was not legal for a clergyman of the Church of England to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in a Dissenting place of worship. What was to be done? The ecclesiastics concerned cudgeled their wits, with the result that they got over the difficulty and managed to make themselves look ineffably ridiculous in doing so. The minister of the church conducted the service as usual, preached a very short sermon and pronounced the benediction, thus closing the service—which, however, did not end there. At this point the Dean, who had been sitting with the choir, rose, donned his robes, mounted the pulpit and "delivered what he had meant to be his sermon as an address." He used no text, and so the situation was saved, or, in the language of a reporter present, the Dean "obeyed the Bishop in the letter if not in the spirit."

It is difficult to understand that variety of religious skylarking, and more difficult still to see what good purpose can be served by that kind of thing. The man in the street looks on with a scornful smile, shrugs his shoulders and passes by on the other side. What is the use of prating about Church union with that kind of thing going on? Every day it is becoming clearer to the mind of the average English Free Churchman that there can be no union except on the ground of absolute equality of position, and that can only be arrived at by the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church. The position of privilege occupied by the

State Church seems to go to the head of most of her ministers and make them quite blind to the very elements of fair play. A little while ago the Archdeacon of Bradford said that if a Free Church minister expressed the wish to administer holy communion in an Episcopal church, he ought to be prepared to submit himself to the Orders of the Church of England. That kind of thing affords no place for reciprocity, but is thoroughly in keeping with the Anglican temper, which can only conceive of the Churches working together when Dissenters have ceased to dissent. Our American friends may take it that the so-called advance towards union—the advocates of which have been somewhat talkative—is merely apparent, and has no practical reality.

In the light of the above it is perhaps not so strange, after all, that practically all our Churches should be lamenting a shortage of candidates for their ministry. Some of our colleges are half empty, but it is not without significance that the Roman Catholic Church does not share in this dearth of would-be divinity students. Her colleges have waiting lists. There are, it seems to me, two possible positions, and only two: you can have dogmatic assertion on the one hand, or you can have intellectual and spiritual freedom on the other, but you can not get thoughtful people to live any longer in an uncomfortable half-way house that is obviously far from weatherproof. Young Free Churchmen who have been through a great war, and have been brought face to face with the grimmest of realities, are not entering a ministry where Sunday by Sunday they will be required to exhibit to the skeptic the unedifying spectacle of men perjuring themselves before God by the solemn repetition of creeds that they no longer believe. Perhaps we should be thankful for the present state of affairs here, which shows us clearly that in the Free Churches, at any rate, the crumbling creeds can no longer recruit consecrated men.

* *

Being by nature an optimistic people who constantly allow hope to triumph over experience, we "keep believing" that something good may come to Europe as a result of the Genoa Conference. We say little about France, but most of us are seriously troubled about the vindictive, and what we regard as the impossible, attitude being adopted by our neighbor. Personally, I am of opinion that until France gets off her war horse, and either puts the beast in the stable, or better still sends it to the knackers' yard, I am afraid we are in for a thin time. We certainly did not understand that we went to war to put French militarism in the saddle, or to make Europe safe for Gallic jingoes.

* *

Whilst our annual drink bill is a terrible indictment of the habits of our people, it is some comfort to know that there has been a reduction of 67,000,000 pounds as compared with last year's expenditure. Nevertheless, to spend no less than 9 pounds a head on alcoholic liquor seems to point to an inordinate thirst somewhere. It is time we, in self-defense, mobilized an army to fight the drink traffic.

* *

When last I wrote I quoted Dr. Orchard's statement that England is "suffering severely from under education." May I now be permitted to advance a little evidence in proof of that assertion? Here are some extracts from letters written by soldiers' wives to regimental paymasters regarding arrears of payment of allowances. All of them, I understand, are quite genuine.

"I have not received no pay since my husband has gone away, from Nowhere."

"We have received your letter. I am his Grandfather and his Grandmother. He was born in this house and brought up in answer to your letter."

"In accordance with instructions on ring paper. I have given birth to a daughter on April 1st."

"Unless I receive my husband's money as soon as possible, I shall be compelled to lead an immortal life."

"Just a few lines owing to your delay in sending my money we have not a morsel of food in the house. Hoping you are the same."

"I enclose certificate and six children. There were seven, but one died you only send six her name was Fanny she was baptized on half a sheet of paper by the Reverend Thomas and oblige."

"Please send my extra money as baby is a bottled baby." Comment is superfluous.

April 15, 1922.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

THE following four outlines of Sand Table lessons may be suggestive to teachers in developing their own lessons. Almost any story of scripture (or from other sources) may be worked out in the terms of some modern portrayal, with the different characters represented by the dolls, and the action followed by moving (or having the children move) the dolls as the story proceeds, for practically every story worth recording testifies either to the exercise or the absence of some human virtue of vital value. In each, therefore, either by comparison or contrast, that vital lesson may be imparted to the children by this method of Sand Table work. Always make the table attractive in appearance.

The Girl Who Became a Queen

See story of Esther, chapters 2-3.

Characters represented: The King, Esther, Mordecai, and Haman. Others may be added if desired. Action: Esther made queen. Mordecai visits Esther. Esther going to see King, uninvited. The King granting her request. The Jews rejoicing over the King's favor. Houses: The King's palace, Esther's home, the homes of other girls connected with the royal family, homes of Mordecai and of Haman, and others if desired. Distribute dolls in various homes according to number you have. Use them in an assembly to show people rejoicing. Lessons: Religious loyalty of Esther and Mordecai. Willingness of both to serve

others even at considerable risk, even when in high place. Triumph of faith when serving unselfishly. Other lessons as they may occur to the teacher from own study.

An Ungrateful Son

See story of David and Absalom, Second Samuel chapters 15-19.

Arrange table to show story. Characters: David the King, Absalom, his son (others if desired), and people at first in homes, then divided into two camps. Houses: The King's palace, Absalom's home, a number of others according to how many dolls the teachers have to use. By side of road have a forest, represented by a number of tiny trees (twigs of evergreen), of which two are arranged so that the tops or branches meet. Action: Absalom may at first be shown visiting his father, the king, in friendly way, if teachers wish. Then he gets jealous of his father, and back in own home plots to secure the throne. Then goes out among the people, finds himself popular, arouses them in part to follow him. Show people of each side gathering for conflict. Describe the battle. Then Absalom flees on donkey. Rides between two trees that meet. His head may be caught (by chin), telling the children how it was by his hair, and that we make believe it is his hair that is caught. As his chin catches hold it there with one hand and with other slip the donkey from under him. Then show David as mourning. Lessons: The wrong of being ungrateful; gratitude as a defense from jealousy; what jealousy leads to before we realize it; the love of a parent even when a child is doing wrong; compare David, as a father, typical of God and His paternal love for us even when we are fighting Him, with children's own fathers. Other lessons as may come to teacher in own study.

Feeding the Multitudes

See story in Matthew 14, Mark 6, Luke 9, John 6.

Arrange table for story. Characters: Jesus and twelve disciples near Sea of Galilee (sea represented by mirror, edges hidden in sand) at center of table. Many people gathered around him as he teaches them and his disciples. At one side of table two houses (may be other houses as desired, but empty, as people are with Jesus). One house is home of little boy and his mother. Second house is that of a neighbor. These characters are at home as story begins. Open story as in early morning. Then point to boy and mother. Tell the story of baking bread the day before. Describe how we get bread, from seed in ground on to the process of grinding seed into flour. Hand work and hard work, so hard that the little boy goes and gets neighbor to come and help mother (act this out). Then, in early morning, this mother and boy take a small basket (thimble case will do) and put seven little objects (corn flakes will do for five loaves of bread, two tiny pieces of matches may substitute for fish) in basket. Then the two go to get the neighbor and all go to hear Jesus. Later in the day the people are all hungry. Disciples tell Jesus of boy with basket. Jesus takes the five loaves and two fish and feeds the multitude. Disciples passing food to people. Lessons: Mother's work for her children. Neighbor's kindness. Readiness to give our own work to Jesus, in service to fellow men. How even Jesus needs something we can do in order to serve others himself. Compare feeding multitude from small amount to harvest that comes from tiny seeds sown in ground, and show how God is always performing this same wonderful deed by the laws of nature in providing food.

Jesus Loves the Children

See story in Matthew 19, Mark 10, Luke 18.

Arrange table for story. Jesus and disciples near the sea (mirror in center of table). Houses away from seaside, as many as you can use, with mothers (larger dolls than for children) and children. These at first in various houses. Open lesson with telling of Jesus having been a little baby once, recalling the Christmas lessons, as desired and time permits. Then how a little baby grows into a child, just as those in class have grown. Mention how much love and care mothers have to give a child before the child is grown large enough to understand the fact, and that children should remember these things when it seems as if mothers are cross and will not let them do as they wish. Then first one mother and then another notices this group near the sea. And they say: "This must be the great teacher. We must go and hear him." Then in turn let the children move the mother dolls, with the children, toward the place where Jesus is standing surrounded by disciples. But as one mother pushes up at one end of circle a disciple turns her back, not wanting her to bother Jesus. As much as may be desired may here be introduced as to the difference between the standing of a child in the older countries, where everything centers in the head of the house, and the standing of a child in this country, where everything is done for the children—the future generation—such as schools, playgrounds, toys, etc. Then another mother tries at the other end of circle, and is turned back by another disciple. Then Jesus notices what is taking place, and rebukes his disciples (as in Matthew 19 : 14). Then show the disciples bringing the mothers and their children to Jesus, and how he takes them in his arms and blesses them. Lesson of Jesus as the children's friend may be developed at length. Then show how the Sunday school leads the children to Jesus and how attendance is therefore worth while regularly. Other lessons as come to the teacher by own study.

* * *

MR. SPEER'S VERDICT

The Judgment of a World Traveler Regarding Conditions in Armenia

The Near East Relief has just received the following cablegram from H. C. Jaquith, its director in Constantinople:

Vickrey, New York:

Urgent appeal for clothing for orphan children throughout Near East endorsed to-day by Robert Speer, world missionary leader, who sailed from Constantinople for America after several months in India, Persia, Armenia. He says: "I made careful study of general economic conditions in these countries; great suffering everywhere among the children and common people, but worse conditions of all are in Armenia. Work of Americans among orphan children everywhere is admirable. Unfortunately resources of Near East Relief are much too small. I visited Erivan, Armenian capital, and Alexandropol; conditions among children needed no interpreter. America has given great, noble example to the world in work for suffering children of Near East. 'I was naked and ye clothed me, hungry and ye fed.' "

Jaquith.

"The Little Corner Never Conquered"*

EVERY publisher keeps standing in type an announcement for "the book of the year." Many of them between 1915 and now have issued "the book of the war." Dr. Van Schaick would utterly disclaim writing either, but he has most assuredly issued "*the* book of the Red Cross." For he has made the story of the work in a circumscribed area vivid with insight and imagination, so that it becomes a sign and symbol of the work done everywhere and a beautiful tribute to countless unnamed and forgotten workers, who, to paraphrase a noble inscription, "in all perilous places, wrought ceaselessly that others might have sustenance, comfort and life." The book is an epic that keeps lyric quality from cover to cover. Here is mud, oozy, slimy, bloody, mud, ceaseless and endless, made into poetry, proving Emerson's contention that,

> "In the mud and scum of things
> There's something always, always sings."

For the "Little Corner Never Conquered" was not a bit of land but the last free fragment of a heroic people. The book may be epitomized in content and treatment by citing the description of the King and Queen:

> On October 28, during the battle of the Yser, the little Queen said to Hugh Gibson, Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels: "As long as there is one square foot of Belgium free of the Germans, I will be on it." "She said it," said Gibson, "simply in answer to a question from me, but there was a big force of courage and determination behind it." She made her words good, and she did her part with extraordinary courage and ability.
>
> Our Red Cross men would meet her sometimes in the mud of the trenches. One of them writing home in 1917, described such an encounter:
>
> "The first time I ever saw the Queen was in the front trenches just before Christmas. Her eldest son, Leopold, Duke of Brabant, was with her in the uniform of a Belgian private. A daintily dressed little lady, with a sweet face and a winning smile, she made her way from dugout to dugout in the slime and mud, with chocolate and cigarettes and other gifts for the men. They idolize her not so much for the chocolate and cigarettes as because she is there to see for herself what they have to endure and to take her share of the danger. As one of them said to me, 'When we see the Queen, we feel that we are not forgotten, that the war will not last forever, that some day we will all be back in Brussels.' "
>
> Her medical and surgical knowledge, her nursing ability, her experience in public health work, and her great store of human sympathy had full expression in the war. In "The Hospital of the Queen" and "The Works of Her Majesty, the Queen," that part of the story is set down.
>
> Though the King and Queen walked on a great stage, nothing is so far from the mark as to think of them as theatrical.
>
> Though the King dropped down upon the Peace Conference from the sky, though the King and Queen both went to England for a royal wedding by aeroplane, though they make a tour of the United States, or Brazil, or Spain, it is done simply and for a definite purpose. They use the aeroplane because it is easier and quicker. They travel to learn and to promote good will. The non-theatrical side of the King was never better put than by Mark Sullivan when he said: "The King was at all times during the war merely the Chief Engineer, who happened to be responsible for the job when the dam broke." That means much to Americans at least. When I remember him coming away on foot from a fire in a peasant's cottage, or see again his long figure on a bicycle hurrying from one task to another, or recall him on a motor cycle, in a motor car or on horseback as occasion demands, I see a man intent on a great job who happens to be a monarch and who is presumably owner of a throne and a crown which perhaps are in storage.

And then chapter by chapter as the story unfolds you see noble and burgher and peasant, soldier and civilian, priest and layman, revealing the same spirit. Burgomaster Max with a German garrison in his city and a German bayonet at his breast, behaves no differently from Albert with his army and the Allies at his back. Here is the proof of George Kennan's great saying, "A man is bigger than anything that can happen to him."

Perhaps it might be added that here is a Universalist book, a book of that Universalism that is the religion of to-morrow, that will gather the common goodness of common lives everywhere and build out of it the Kingdom of God.

Here, too, is the book of recompense for the home toilers of the Red Cross. Here is the work of their hands, serving the wounded, the hungry and the homeless. As they turn its pages, they will again travel the long and darkened road of those four years when sewing and knitting and surgical dressings were the only relief from sad foreboding and sadder certainty.

"The Little Corner Never Conquered" will live because it is the record of things too precious to be forgotten.

H. M.

* The Little Corner Never Conquered. By Rev. John van Schaick, D. D. Price $2.00. For sale by the Universalist Publishing House.

* * *

THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNAL

THE Committee which is gathering material for the new hymnal for Universalist church schools is much gratified because of the many replies which have been received to its letter asking for suggestions in connection with the proposed publication. The ready response on the part of such a large number of ministers and church workers shows that there are many who are desirous of aiding in the progress of our church schools.

It is evident from some of the replies, however, that there are those who do not understand the facts of the existing situation. Some have doubted the need for a new book, and a considerable number have expressed themselves as fully satisfied with Professor Smith's "Hymnal for American Youth," which is conceded by many to be the best book of this sort now available.

In order that there may be a common understand-

g with regard to these two points the Committee ishes to state that—

(1) For several years past there has been an er-increasing demand upon headquarters for a new niversalist Church School Hymnal. This demand as become so insistent that it seems as if without uestion it should be recognized and satisfied.

(2) Good as the "Hymnal for American Youth" ppears to be, it is distinctly not a Universalist book, nd in the words of both hymns and services is found uch which is contrary to the principles which our urch schools should be teaching. Furthermore, at 5 a hundred it is too expensive for many of our hools to buy. What our denomination seems to eed is a distinctly Universalist book of a moderate ze which may be published at a price within the ach of practically all of our church schools. For such a book the committee is endeavoring to gather the proper material.

Constructive suggestions are still desired, as the hymnal is still in an embryo stage. How about it—those of you who have not already helped us?

Stella Marek Cushing,
Chairman of Committee.

* * *

QUITE UNIMPORTANT

Alfreda, aged five, was lunching with her aunt, who served her with a chop and peas and asked if she should cut it for her.

"Oh, no; I can do it. I always do," she replied.

As the small knife in the small fingers cut into the chop something slipped and the peas went helter-skelter over the tablecloth and floor. With a disarming smile she looked up and said:

"Don't bother to pick up the peas. I am not very fond of them."—*Harper's Magazine.*

takes a heap o' living in a house t' make it home,
heap o' sun or shadder, an' yer sometimes have t' roam
ore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
n' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
ow much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
ntil somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped 'round everything.

ome ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
ore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it.
ithin the walls there's got to be some babies born, and then
ght there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, 'an men;
nd gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
ith anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart:
e old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore,
e hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb prints on the door.

Ye've got t' weep to make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh
And watch beside a loved one's bed an' know that Death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes of her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance for years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things you have by usin' them each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' some one dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em just t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early morning sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick and stone from cellar up t' dome:
It takes a heap o' living in a house to make it home.

Edgar A. Guest.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

TO MY MOTHER

Poor recompense to you were I to fill
This page with rhyme and rhetoric, to display
Only the poet and thereby betray
My earliest thoughts for mere poetic skill.
Poor recompense, indeed, were I to thrill
With my own music, turn to you and say,
"I give you these, my verses; let them pay
For all you gave and all you give me still."
I am too poor to buy you back the years
A mother pays for with her dreams and fears,
For I am rich in nothing but in love.
So let me live my thanks, so let me be
Forever in your debt, who gave to me
The breath of life—and all the joy thereof!

Louis Untermeyer.

THE SECRET

Ruth Irene Graves

LONG ago a prosperous people dwelt in the land of the date and the olive. Theirs was a country of shepherds, and they found happiness and peace in the simple life of the East.

For years they had been governed by a just and loving ruler, whom they reverently called "The Great Spirit." And indeed, his greatness of heart and his clearness of vision would justify the title.

Many years passed. At length the people grew discontented and restless. Their country seemed small and commonplace, and they longed to cross the mountain which loomed up on the western border of their land. It seemed to beckon to them, constantly urging them to come and conquer. So, one by one, they answered the call of the mountain, toiled up its steep side, passed carelessly over its beautiful brow, and disappeared in the distance. Finally, only a handful of peasants remained faithful to the valley which had so recently sheltered a great nation.

Now the Great Spirit was sad. "I am growing old," he thought. "My people are becoming indifferent, though I have always lived for them." But at length he grew more reconciled, and he added: "They need young kings; kings who will gladly follow them over the mountain; kings who will willingly dwell in a strange land; kings who will sympathize with their new interests and ideals."

Late that evening he summoned five strong, capable men, and said to them quietly: "I am in the Winter of Life; you have Spring's strength and youth. After deep consideration, I have decided to crown you kings of the Vireal Nation. Follow my people over Mount Creno. Rule them justly, wisely, well!"

After receiving the blessing of the Great Spirit, four of the kings departed, but one, Borleus, remained. "I am only a shepherd," he said humbly, "and I love my sheep. Do not think me ungrateful, but I do not wish to be king. Only grant that I may remain in the homeland, and live in my own small cottage; let my music be the sweetest music, the song of the birds; let my pleasure be the truest pleasure, the wonder of Nature, as expressed in flower, tree and brook; let my fellowship be the purest fellowship, which is shown by the simple trust and love of my flock. I am not worthy to be called king." So Borleus's wish was granted, and he alone remained to guard the forsaken valley.

A year passed. The Great Spirit had thought constantly of his people and wondered about the success of the four rulers. Finally, he decided to cross Mount Creno, and visit the western land. For hours after his departure, Borleus watched him as he ascended the slope, watched him till his robe became a mere speck in the distance, and, with the last faint ray of the departing sun, finally disappeared.

When the Great Spirit arrived in the western country, he eagerly sought the four chosen rulers. Great anticipation filled his heart as he thought of their honor and nobility. But his pride was changed to sorrow when he discovered that the first king's heart was filled with hatred for the other kings; the second king was selfish; the third king had grown envious; and the fourth king was insincere and licentious, and the people, following the example of their wicked rulers, had hatred, selfishness, envy and lust in their hearts.

The Great Spirit was grieved to see the sorrow and the degradation which had come to his beloved nation, and he realized that the four rulers must be punished.

He spent the day in deep thought, and soon after sundown he sent for the four kings. He seemed tired and worn, and his voice broke when he said sadly: "You have greatly sinned. You must be punished. You must be punished with death, but not ordinary death, for you were not ordinary men. Great opportunities were open to you, but you neglected to use them properly. I shall change you into a violin. The strings will represent hatred, selfishness, envy, and lust. But sometime there will appear one who can produce wonderful music on this violin, and that person will have power to transform this horrible inharmony of sin into the most beautiful harmony of love. When this one comes, my people shall have a true ruler."

Immediately the Great Spirit and the four kings vanished, and in their place lay a curiously wrought bow and a wonderfully beautiful violin. The moon waned and the stars disappeared, leaving the violin in total darkness.

. . . . . .

In the eastern land a shepherd knelt and prayed fervently that he might not always be alone, and when he arose he was filled with faith and trust, for he believed that his prayer would be answered.

Later, when the glory of the sunset was painting

t: western sky, a maiden appeared in the field. S: seemed to have come from a distance, for she was w ary, and stooped to bathe her face in the cool waters o the brook. Borleus saw her approaching and his h rt was filled with quiet happiness. He led her to h cottage and treated her with humble and gracious c rtesy.

Now the sadness in the western land constantly i reased. There were no little children to gladden t hearts of the people, there was nothing worth while d true, and although many attempted it, no one came w o had power to play the mysterious violin. But one e ning at twilight a peasant maiden appeared. Her d ss was simple and plain, but her face seemed to e ress infinite love and understanding. Her gracious m nner won the confidence of the people and instinc- t ely they led her to the violin. Quietly she took it a d began to play. The sounds of the crowd gradually f d away and nothing was heard except the tender s ains of the violin. It seemed to the people that t y were listening to divine music. They crowded a und her, the tears streaming down their cheeks. T ey were thinking of green pastures, pure bubbling b oks, and the sunny olive groves in their deserted h me; they imagined they could hear the matin song o the birds, and the shepherds as they lovingly called t ir sheep, and a great happiness seemed to enfold t m and bring them comfort and peace.

The maiden ceased to play and they pressed around h , imploring, "The secret! Oh, tell us the secret!" W th a smile, she motioned them to follow her, and as s turned to the east, they involuntarily followed. S e led them to the foot of Mount Creno, and for many d ys they pressed on. Finally they left the crest of t mountain, and descended the steep mountain pass u til they came in sight of the green pastures, neglected v eyards, and deserted cottages where they had once l ed and loved.

Darkness had descended when they reached a s all humble cottage. The woman led them to the l v door and they looked in and saw Borleus sitting i the firelight holding a tiny girl on his knee. A b by slumbered in a rude cradle near by. While they w tched, the little one slipped from her father's arms, d pped to her knees, and, holding Borleus's big rough h nd in both her tiny ones, she prayed that God would b ss her mother and bring her back to them again. T e child rose, caught a glimpse of her mother in the d orway, and holding out her arms cried, "Mamma, m mma!"

Then their leader turned and spoke: "This is the s ret, my people, the secret of mother-love. It is m ther-love that can transform hatred, selfishness, e vy, and lust to love, service, good-will, and the purest p ssion for home and children. The mother-spirit can b ng the harmony of love out of the most hopeless d cord."

She knelt reverently, and in a moment they heard a voice which seemed to proceed from the bow which s e still held in her hand:

> "You ask the calling most divine?
> A faithful mother, child of mine."

And the people harkened to "The Great Spirit," t e spirit of Eternal Goodness, and understood.

THE COG

Here at the window all day long I stand,
Eight hours a day, six days a week, and sell
Stamps, and weigh packages, and things like that.
A child comes in and wants a postal card,
A blonde stenographer wants two cent stamps,
A farmer's wife has eggs to parcel post,
"How much it cost send this to Budapest?"
So it goes all day long and every day.
One day a woman said, "I want to get
Eighteen *Kenosha* stamps." You'd never guess
What 'twas she meant. Yes, there are funny spots
Light the routine—but it's monotonous.
Some day I'll drop and then—another chap
At the same window, doing the same work,
In the same way, for the same pay—about.

Sometimes I tell Janet I'm just a cog
In a machine. Then she bursts into flame:
"Why, Dickie boy, you're not, you're no such a thing!
You stand there at your window and you weave
The web of life. Think of it! Christmas gifts,
Engagement rings, and bits of wedding cake,
And packages of food to hungry lands.
Letters from home to far-off boys and girls,
Letters from boys and girls to folks at home,
Letters from friends, and lovers, husbands, wives,
Pass through your fingers like the warp and woof
Of a great, golden tapestry of love,
Tucked close around us all to keep us warm.
A cog! Why, Dick, what makes the world go round
Is just such strong and faithful cogs as you."

Of course, that's only Janet's jollying,
But—jollying, too, helps make the world go round.

Frederick Hall.

* * *

A VOICE BY POST

From America, home of mechanical miracles, comes the news of a gramophone record that can be thrown on the floor and stamped on. It sounds like the best thing that could happen to some of them, but that is to reckon without the real significance of the invention. The point is that the new record is flexible, and a certain amount of knocking about does not disagree with it. From this fact proceeds an even more interesting piece of information. The handwritten letter, we are told, is doomed; why worry to put pen to paper when the very sound of the words as you speak them can be recorded, pushed into an envelope, and sent through the post without damage? It might certainly make for clarity in long-distance intercourse. "The written word remains," but the spoken one often has it for the finer shades of meaning. There are some correspondents who underline right and left in a vain attempt to get some subtler inflection into their epistles; if they adopt the new device they will be able to shout, or whisper, or chuckle with an air of far greater conviction. Whether the result will be any more acceptable to the recipient is another matter. All voices are not loved ones, just as all letters are not necessarily agreeable, and some of these postal records might turn out to be a greater infliction than the unwelcome telephone call. The unmistakable voice of a creditor, for instance, demanding an immediate settlement of his little bill, might be more disturbing than the sternest of solicitors' letters. And, in general, there is one glory of letter-writing and another glory of conversation. To combine the two seems like an attempt to destroy both. Badly as what has been certified as the "Gentlest Art" has been served by the postcard, we should be still more sorry to see it turned into a kind of stump-speech by the gramophone.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

BIRTHPLACE OF CLARA BARTON, NORTH OXFORD, MASS.

This interesting house is now the property of the Women's National Missionary Association. It is situated on the slope of Taft Hill, one of the highest hills in the state. It contains thirteen rooms. The house has been restored with great care according to the architecture of 1805, when it was built. The large chimney with fireplace in three rooms has been rebuilt and is a fine bit of work. The large fireplace in the original kitchen has a crane and oven and large iron andirons. The small-paned windows are again in place, also an old-fashioned paneled door with large iron knocker and lantern. The wall papers are all reproductions of old designs, the parlor paper being the famous Longfellow pattern. The electric lights at the sides of the room are sconces with simulated candles. Dainty ruffled curtains and white shades with tassels are at every window, and appropriate antique furniture has been put in place. The large built-in china closet has some of the "blue ware" referred to by Miss Barton in her book, "The Story of My Childhood." All the doors have the H and L hinges, common in early eighteenth century buildings.

The grounds will be put in order and an old-fashioned garden laid out as soon as possible. The lilac bushes, also referred to in the book named, still grow and blossom by the side of the house. A red rosebush from Miss Barton's own garden at Glen Echo, Md., has been brought there by her grand-niece, Miss Saidee F. Riccius. The red rose is a sort of talisman in the Barton family, and figures in their coat of arms.

The estate comprises ninety-eight acres, including orchards and berry pastures, and it has a pretty meadow pond. It is capable of very attractive development.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Etz, formerly of Akron, Ohio, are the custodians. The house will be open to visitors on and after May 15. Admission 25 cents.

Miss Barton's own desk has been loaned by the family, and on it visitors may have the privilege of registering.

So much for the purchase and restoration of this historic place, which will be treasured as a shrine, but would such a memorial be enough, would such a memorial satisfy a woman like Clara Barton? We feel very sure that some *service* to *humanity* would be the memorial which would best honor this great woman, this Universalist woman, who moved through the world as one who served.

It is the purpose of the Association to conduct some form of social welfare work at this place, and as soon as funds are available a beginning will be made, probably fitting up the very large barn as a recreation or vacation house.

The states will be asked to raise their portion of $15,000, the cost of purchase and restoration; the Clara Barton Guilds will be asked to raise $1,200 for maintenance for this year. We hope our Universalist friends will help in launching the welfare work by generous gifts. The memorial will be just as large and commanding as we choose to make it.

Clara Barton died in 1912, and, except for an oak tree planted at Glen Echo on Easter Sunday, no memorial has been placed anywhere for this noble woman. She was ours; our faith, which she converted into terms of life, was the secret of her power. It is our privilege to raise the memorial; her memory is ours in trust to honor. How shall we meet this matter, at once a privilege and a responsibility? Shall we do it quickly and adequately, and by our gifts to this glorious sister of our faith make our light to shine?

Little white roof tree that sleeps at the turning,
Close by the crossroads where new years begin,
Waken each lattice and set your hearths burning;
All the world's knocking—make ready within!

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

IN DIXIE LAND

Camp Hill is not hilly. In its flatness it is marvelously beautiful, its red soil partially hidden by a carpet of green, which itself is dotted with flowers of every color. Dr. and Mrs. Ward are ideal in hospitality and they exhibit with great pride the Southern Industrial Institute and its eager students. The church at Camp Hill is strong in every way, its Sunday school having an unusually competent corps of officers and teachers and its usual congregation numbering over a hundred and fifty persons.

Superintendent Bishop, who had preached in the new church at Garland, joined me on Monday morning and remained my partner for several days. He is emphatically *persona grata* in his territory, has keen vision, is accomplishing much, and is certain to accomplish much more.

Florala, which, as the name indicates, is half in Florida and half in Alabama, is marked "dormant" but has prospects. A young mother declares that there *must* be a Sunday school when her little girl is old enough to attend, and I think that she will have it.

At DeFuniak Springs, I had the privilege of greeting Pastor Ross, an old-time friend, and Mrs. N. Manning, a faithful correspondent. A bright young lady has taken the superintendency of the Sunday school and she and her associates asked questions, borrowed books and promised progress.

The Pensacola church is attractive and well-planned. Here we have a group of devoted and cultured Universalists, led temporarily by Mrs. L. J. Richards, wife of the pastor at St. Petersburg, and confidently hoping for some permanent arrangement. At our Sunday school conference three new classes were formed and appropriate lessons were selected.

Brewton, Alabama, is to have an enlarged church, with four commodious class rooms. Mr. Crumpton, who made the witty speech at Detroit, is pastor and Mrs. T. R. Miller, the gracious Southern lady of our Conventions, is the superintendent of the Sunday school.

At Chapman there is a union Sunday school in which Mr. J. G. McGowin teaches the men's class and other Universalists are prominent. I had a fine conference with the Scotch Presbyterian superintendent, addressed the county Kiwanis Club at its ladies' night, and spoke to the school children of the town. Chapman is an example of the thriving lumber towns of the South, which give as by-products Rhodes scholars and accomplished musicians.

At Birmingham I preached, held a Sunday school conference, made pastoral calls and addressed the Mission Circle. If devotion can make a church we will have one in Birmingham, for our few people are absolute in consecration. Every one agrees that here is to be developed one of the greatest cities of the future—that is why we talk about this as a "strategic point."

I like the South. I believe in it as a great missionary field for Universalism. I like the Southern people.

G. E. H.

* *

GOOD FOR WORCESTER

Word has been received that Judge and Mrs. Galer will attend the Worcester Convention and participate in the program. He will speak as president of the General Convention and she as Superintendent of our Elementary Department. Remember the dates, July 16, 17, 18 and 19.

* *

STEPPING FORWARD IN OHIO

Dr. Rowland's Sunday schools in Ohio are alive and in motion. That at Farmer's Station, reorganized last June after two years of inactivity, has gained in attendance each month and now frequently has fifty-five or sixty members present. It is participating in all our philanthropies. Blanchester is progressing. Cuba has a well-equipped Sunday school, having added sand table, piano, Bibles for all members, new song books and a fine blackboard.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

May 20-21, District Rally and Institute, nchester, N. H.

May 28. Morning, Charlestown, Mass. ternoon, Annual Memorial Service, ount Auburn.

June 19-20. Ohio State Institute and nvention, New Madison.

June 25. Junction City, Kansas.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, gin.

* *

THE OLD NORTH STATE

Back in the autumn of 1907 I attended e North Carolina State Convention for e first time and assisted Rev. Thomas apman, then the State Superintendent re, in dedicating the new church at Out-w's Bridge. One morning I was forcibly akened by mine host, Robert Maxwell, o was rubbing tar on my heel so that I uld be sure to come back. Being now a r-heel by adoption, I am always glad to turn, and this is my third visit since that itiation.

Then there was one minister of our faith the state; now there are six, besides Mrs. all, who has often supplied a pulpit, and eager search is being made for another. his, of course, is due to the generous pport of the W. N. M. A., but the state self is raising several times the amount it d a few years ago for the support of the ork of our Church. This will be still rther increased when there comes a re-rn to more nearly normal farm produc-on and prices.

These good folks in North Carolina are e most patient people I have found any-here; in a little over forty-eight hours, om Friday evening to Sunday evening, ey listened to me speak seven times, and -night a number of them are planning to out to Red Hill church, ten miles in the untry, for a service out there. Speaking ree times a day to the same folks has pt me busy changing my mind.

The first two days of my stay here in linton would have convinced any first-me visitor from the North that there was such thing as the far-famed "Sunny uth." North Carolina weather, like that California, is usually exceptional, and I ew that this was an exception. Sunday orning, however, brought brilliant sun-ine, and a congregation of nearly a ndred people in a church that seats a ndred and three. About a third of the ngregation ate dinner together at the rsonage, and there was a congregation of er sixty at the afternoon service.

Publish Glad Tidings

Revs. Leon P. and Martha Garner Jones e great believers in publicity. A part of eir missionary equipment is a Rotospeed, ith which they are mimeographing at ast one pastoral letter and a calendar every month, which go to all the families in all six of their churches, and to outsiders as well, and in addition to this they are distributing, largely by hand, but partly by mail, several hundred copies of letters, sermon briefs and sermons, once or twice a month. These go into practically every home in Clinton, and into every automobile standing on the business streets one or two Saturday afternoons a month. Already this method of publishing the glad tidings is beginning to produce results which show themselves in increasing attendance at church services, and in other less tangible ways.

There are some people who seem to have an idea that there is no use sending such messages except to those already interested in the Universalist Church, if not actually members of it. They do not seem to realize that it is possible to change people's minds, either about the kind of breakfast food or the kind of religion that will best satisfy them on Sunday mornings. And even if there were not a single addition to the membership or even the attendance at church, it would be worth while because it would promote a better understanding of our Church and its faith, and so help to bring in the time when all men everywhere will love Him who hath first loved us.

The modern city shrieks with publicity, and those who are accustomed to it, and almost dread to see the postman stop at the door, can not appreciate the eagerness with which even Rotospeed letters are read especially in some of the more remote rural districts. In many a home these are the most personal communications that come perhaps in several months.

Down here in the Clinton circuit Mr. and Mrs. Jones are spreading the Gospel by word and deed and Rotospeed, "with signs following."

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Clinton, N. C., May 1.

For the Quiet Hour

Never yet have we justly appraised the value of smiles among the world's assets. "Only a smile," pleads a hymn of dubious melody. As if smiles were cheap. Sometimes, to smile is sterner test of character than to die. Smiles through tears—was ever rainbow as transfiguring of a cloud? Smiles amid pain, smiles spite of doubts and fears, smiles at the childish vanities and strutting heroics of men; smiles of indulgence, smiles of pity, smiles of welcome for wayward feet—God give us a new rating of smiles.

George Clarke Peck.

In our busy life we are wont to make light of moods, as it is right and necessary that we should. When there is something to be done, the question of whether or no we are in the mood to do it is of tenth-rate importance. In the presence of manifest duty it is our privilege to treat an unpropitious mood with scant courtesy. We may have to sweep it out of our path without so much as an "if you please." Indeed, that is usually the only effective way of dealing with moods that do not fit our tasks.

Percy G. Ainsworth.

Better do one duty thoroughly than risk failing in twenty.

Edward Everett Hale.

A man should never think of changing his place because it is difficult. That were not only cowardly but suicidal. It would mean a confession of defeat and failure, and to the end of his days he would carry the shameful memory. For a true man difficulties are a challenge to stand his ground and conquer. They may crush him, but it is better to fall at one's post than to throw away one's shield and ignobly flee.

David Smith.

It is not by exceptional providences that we live. It is not by exceptional joys we are enriched. It is not by anything rare or strange or singular that we are fashioned under the hand of God. It is by sorrows that are as old as man, by trials that a thousand hearts have felt, by joys that are common as the wind is common that breathes on the palace and on the meanest street. By these things do we live; by these we grow; by love and tears, by trials, by work, by death; by the things that link us all into a brotherhood, the things that are common to ten thousand hearts.

G. H. Morrison.

The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. He has lost the clue to his way through this moral labyrinth and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate.

Horace Greeley.

Did he not quit the daily path, now for a Transfiguration, and now for a Gethsemane? Did not his voice burst into the exclamation, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," yet also confess, "Now is my soul troubled?" And had he not his hours on the mountain all night, and what, think you, passed beneath those stars? These intermittent moments are the sign of divine gifts, not of human weakness. God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours.

James Martineau.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Divine Paternity. Easter offering $3,200. New members, twelve. Children's Sunday, or as it is called in New York, Blossom Sunday, will be observed May 21. The Sunday school of the Mission will attend. The popular Sunday evening services at the Mission—illustrated talks by Rev. Helene Ulrich—have been successful, and will be continued next season. The workers at the Mission keenly sense the loss to them and their work in the death of Dr. George G. Needham. For forty-five years Dr. Needham served as superintendent of the school, with rare consecration and wisdom, impressing all with the cheer and light of his character. As one of the grand old men of the Church, he maintained his interest in the Mission to the last. Dr. Newton earned the appreciation of the church in arranging for Rev. A. Maude Royden of London to preach on Sunday evening, April 30. Miss Royden was Dr. Newton's assistant at the City Temple, London, and the first woman to stand, as a preacher, in an English pulpit. Miss Royden grips her auditors with the wisdom of sincerity, clear cut enunciation, vital message, spiritual vision, sympathy with people, love of truth, Christ-like spirit. She urged the need and use of science and the scientific spirit by religion and its teachers in the solution of world-wide, human problems. It was an appeal for the use of reverent reason and certified knowledge in the service of God and His humanity. The auditorium was thronged; chairs from the parish house were needed and used. * * **Washington Heights.**—The corner-stone of the new church was laid Monday afternoon, April 10. It was a community celebration—Catholics and Jews uniting in the simple service. The iron box deposited in the corner-stone was given by Miss Martel, the oldest member of the society, to Irene H. Harris, three years young, and the youngest scholar in the Sunday school, who placed it. A police official present said, "This is the first time I ever heard of such a church—'Universal'—that's my belief and I want to help this little church." * * **Chapin Home.**—On Saturday, April 15, some sixty friends from All Souls Church gathered to celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of Rev. Cephas B. Lynn. The Junior Union of the Presbyterian church in Jamaica expressed their affection in a note of greeting. Money and many other articles of value were presented to Mr. Lynn. The birthday cake, illumined by seventy-five candles, and the cheery, optimistic speech of "Cephas" were big parts in the celebration. Cephas B. Lynn is the same unique, brainy, able, progressive man known as a power in our churches twenty years ago. Deafness and the old-time weakness of his limbs are the real troubles of the now seventy-five years young old man. His head is clear and strong, and his soul serene; and so may it be for many years. * * **All Souls.**—Easter offering, about $600. New members, eleven. Dr. Van Schaick preached with great acceptance April 23. The Women's League enjoyed success at the April Breakfast. Nearly 200 were present, and all were delighted with the fine address of Rev. Helene Ulrich, on "Home-Making Rather than Housekeeping." Dr. Bartlett, on April 25, resigned his position, after serving eight years. In the letter offered to the parish there is a portrayal of the work accomplished. "The regular income of the church has been more than doubled, and I have been instrumental in raising $45,000 beside. The debt on the parish house has been subscribed, the beautiful memorial room added, the parsonage purchased, the expense of music more than doubled, our gifts to missions increased, all salaries raised. . . . Four hundred and eight new members have been added to the membership of All Souls." Dr. Bartlett has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church at Pontiac, Mich., which has a large membership and is the leading church of that city. Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett have labored with consecrated diligence, and the minister has been recognized as a preacher of merit and power. Good wishes for continued and increasing success in the new church! * * **Good Tidings.**—Easter offering, $200. New members, nine. Dr. Van Schaick will present the ideals of the Washington Church and Perin-Cate Home drive on May 21, evening. "The Heart of America" was Mr. Gibbs' subject in an address before the Men's Club, Flatbush Baptist Church, April 11. Mr. Gibbs and his people are united in making Good Tidings prove the value of a Universalist church in a community that is slowly changing from Christian to Jewish. But this statement of changing conditions holds true throughout the city. * * **Our Father.**—Easter offering $1760. New members, fifteen. The annual May Breakfast of the Alliance, May 3, was enjoyed by more than 100 women. Mrs. Frank H. Perkins spoke upon "Home Economics." The Knights Templars of Brooklyn will attend their annual service on Sunday evening, May 14. A new organization of young people, "The Forum," is studying the history of New York City. The minister will preach the sermon at the rededication of the Middletown church, evening, May 28.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 15. Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass. Visitors' season opens.

May 17-18. Massachusetts State Convention, Lawrence.

May 25. Annual meeting W. U. M. A. of Rhode Island, East Providence.

May 27-30. Universalist Pilgrimage to Murray Grove.

June 7. Rhode Island Universalist Convention, First Church, Providence.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, Elgin.

July 9. Maine State Chapter Universalist Comrades All-Maine meeting, Tacoma Inn, Tacoma Lake, Maine.

July 16-19. General Sunday School Association, annual Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 19-23. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

July 31-Aug. 5. G. S. S. A. Institute, Ferry Beach.

Aug. 18. Fair, Murray Grove.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Before reported	1,111
Mt. Pleasant, Fla.	4
Rockland, Me.	9
Abington, Mass.	3
North Weymouth, Mass.	6
Detroit, Mich.	12
Alstead, N. H.	1
Newark, N. J.	58
Brattleboro, Vt.	[illegible]
New York, Divine Paternity	12
Brooklyn, N. Y., All Souls	11
Brooklyn, N. Y., Good Tidings	[illegible]
Brooklyn, N. Y., Our Father	14
Total	1,25[illegible]

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 66. Abington, Mass. 1. Detroit, Mich., 2. Rochester, Minn. 2. Lockport, N. Y., 2. Olcott, N. Y., 1. Total, 74.

PERSONAL

Mr. E. S. Burlingham of Providence, R. I., has been appointed state chairman of Rhode Island for the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home Campaign in addition to his duties as zone chairman for New England.

Florida

Mount Pleasant.—On April 28, Rev. A. Arnold Ross filled his fifth regular Sunday

appointment here. About fifty attended the morning service and the house was very nearly filled in the evening. A half-hour praise service, led by Professor Parker and Professor Evans, added much to the interest, and Mr. Ross preached two stirring sermons. Four were received into membership.

St. Petersburg.—Rev. J. L. Richards, pastor. A splendid service was held Easter Sunday, with a christening and reception of members. Communion was observed, the communion set presented to the church by Mr. Sweatt and Mr. Vattet being used for the first time. At a church business meeting, April 21, most encouraging reports were read and officers elected for the coming year. The Mission Circle was entertained recently by Mr. Sweatt and Mrs. Parker of Big Bayou, and again on April 25 at the home of Mrs. George West, when Mr. Richards gave a talk on his work with the Y. M. C. A. over-seas.

Maine

Norway.—Easter Sunday was fittingly observed. In the Sunday school a special program was presented. An unusually large congregation attended the church service, and the collection was the largest in years. The men of the church served a fine supper recently, followed by an auction sale. The Y. P. C. U. held a candy sale, the proceeds of which are to go toward the expense of sending a delegate to Ferry Beach. April 19 was clean-up day for the church and grounds, when a free dinner was served to the workers.

Massachusetts

Malden.—Rev. Clarence J. Cowing, pastor. The past winter months have seen much progress for this old First Parish. At the annual meeting in March all organizations were reported in a flourishing condition, not only as to membership, but financially as well. The church received a generous gift at Easter which practically cleared the mortgage on the land next to the church which was purchased for a parsonage. New members have been received at almost every communion service, which is held on the first Sunday evening of each month, while at Easter ten members were added, making a total of twenty-three for the year. In addition to the gift on the land, over $800 was the result of the special Easter offering. Under the direction of the new superintendent, Mr. W. D. Veazy, the Sunday school is going ahead with new impetus. The Y. P. C. U., organized a year ago, has now become well established and is doing good work. It observes all special days, also held a sunrise service Easter Sunday. On Laymen's Sunday the Hanscom Class took charge of the service. Following the morning service a chapter of Universalist Comrades was formed, to be known as the Hanscom Chapter. Since the close of the Lenten season Mr. Cowing has resumed the illustrated lectures by Dr. Rose. The Emeline Sprague Class is one of the strong arms of the Sunday school. A group of high school girls, under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Lincoln, is ever ready to do some good deed whether it be for an individual, a family or the church. For several years this class has sent delegates to Northfield.

New Hampshire

Alstead.—Rev. Alven M. Smith, pastor. We had a big service Easter Sunday. A seven piece orchestra helped in the music. One new member was received. The Sunday school gave a fine concert. In celebration of the I. O. O. F. and Rebekah anniversary, a union service was held in the Congregational church. On Women's Sunday, seven women took entire charge of the service.

New York

Lockport and Olcott.—Rev. William J. Metz., pastor. On Easter Sunday we had wonderfully fine services, with congregations almost doubling those of a year ago. Offerings were the largest in years.

North Carolina

Greensboro.—Rev. R. S. Kellerman, pastor. Woman's Sunday was observed during the absence of the pastor. Mrs. C. O. Burton conducted the devotional services, Mrs. M. M. Todd had charge of the music, and Mrs. J. E. Williams, Mrs. F. G. Baldwin and Mrs. Alma M. Wilson read original papers. In the evening Prof. R. H. Vining of Greensboro College preached.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. H. E. Benton, pastor. The Comrades' canvass for the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home will be conducted in this church May 28.

South Carolina

Feasterville.—Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Kellerman spent a recent Sunday at this church. Mr. Kellerman preached at two services. One young man was received into membership. The church here is one hundred years old, and the present building has been standing ninety years. Since Mr. Bodell has gone to Indiana, South Carolina has no active pastor. There is a circuit of four churches which needs an active young minister.

* *

MAY BREAKFAST AND WORKERS' CONFERENCE

Wednesday, May 24, 11.30 a. m., at Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple, Boston. Tickets $1.00 each, to be purchased and paid for before May 17 if possible. Send checks to Grace F. White, 37 Pomeroy St., Allston, Mass.

This occasion is in the interests of the Drive for the "Women's Union Christian Colleges in the Orient."

Our Woman's Universalist Missionary Society is represented on the Executive Council, and our best endeavor is anticipated and expected. While, as a denomination, we may not finance a Christian College in Eastern lands, our love for Christian education everywhere will enlist our interest and support. And we urge a generous rally to this opportunity of service, where, "all together," we may share in advancement of womanhood, and saving of civilization to future generations in the Orient.

The speakers at this Breakfast include: President Woolley of Mount Holyoke, Mr. William Hung of Peking; Miss Edith Coon, vice-president of the Woman's College in Madras; Prof. Seal Thomson, of Wellesley; Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, National Chairman.

As the number of tickets at our disposal is limited, early orders are advised.

There are inspiration and uplift and thorough enjoyment assured to all privileged to attend.

Grace F. White,
Universalist Representative on Executive Board.

* *

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The sixty-third annual session of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention will be held in the First Universalist Church, Lawrence, May 17-18, 1922, convening at 7 p. m. on Wednesday.

"The Council shall consist of the ordained clergymen in the fellowship of the Convention. . . of life-members resident in the state, of three lay delegates from each parish in fellowship, which delegates must be legal members of the parish they represent; and of the officers of the Convention."

George E. Leighton, Secretary.

Invitation

The First Universalist Parish of Lawrence invites the Universalists of Massachusetts to the annual sessions of the Conventions. Visitors and delegates wishing entertainment should apply to Mrs Florence G. Smith, 144 Berkeley Street, Lawrence, stating whether they wish to stay one, two, or three nights.

The banquet tickets for Thursday night will be $1. The number is limited, and only those ordered and paid for can be reserved. These orders must be sent to Mrs. Charles E. Zuber, 378 Haverhill Street, Lawrence.

All requests for entertainment and banquet reservations should be made not later than May 13.

Clarence Guy Robbins, Minister.

Program

Wednesday, May 17. 7 p. m. Organization of Council, the president, Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., presiding. 7.15. Welcome to the Convention, Mr. Frank A. Sherman, of the Board of Trustees of Entertaining Church. 7.30. Holy communion. Rev Clarence Guy Robbins, D. D., assisted by Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, at the table. Offering for the Ministerial Relief Fund. Occasional Sermon, Rev. Delmar E. Trout.

Thursday, 9 a. m. Reports. Messages from Auxiliary and Allied Organizations: Young People's Christian Union; Universalist Publishing House; Doolittle Home; Crane Theological School; Dean Academy; Bethany Union; Universalist Historical Society; Japan Mission.

12.30. Luncheon.

2 p. m. Forum. I (*a*) The Towner-Sterling bill; (*b*) Community Auditorium. Discussion led by Rev. C. H. Pennoyer. II. (*a*) The Theater Question. Discussion led by Rev. W. B. Brigham. 3. Council: Reports of Committees; New Business; Election of Officers.

6 p. m. Banquet and community singing. 7.30. Address: "Russia as I Knew Her," Mrs. George Lawrence Parker. Address: "American Ideals," Rev. David D. Vaughan, D. D., of Boston University.

* *

W. U. M. S. OF MASSACHUSETTS

Official Call

The thirty-seventh annual meeting of the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts will be held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Lawrence, Mass., on Wednesday, May 17, 1922, at 10 a. m., for the consideration of the following business:

1. Election of officers for the ensuing year.
2. To take action on the following proposed amendments to the By-Laws:

Article VII, Section 5, subdivision "C," third line: strike out the words, "the auditors," and insert, "two auditors, one of whom shall be a certified accountant, these auditors to be appointed by the President, and approved by the Board of Directors."

Article X, Section 1, ninth line, strike out the words, "and two auditors."

3. To transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

A. Louise Barker,
Recording Secretary.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The annual Convention of the Massachusetts Universalist Sunday School Association will be held in the First Universalist Church, Lawrence, Tuesday, May 16, at 10 a. m.

Edgar R. Walker, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

There will be a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the New York State Convention at the parish house at Utica, Tuesday, May 23, at 1 p. m. for the purpose of examining Rev. Klaas Oosterhuis as to his fitness for the Universalist ministry.

George H. Bowers, Secretary.

* *

SEASON OF 1922 AT MURRAY GROVE

The Central R. R. of New Jersey has granted our request to have its trains stop at Murray Grove from May 1 to Oct. 30 for all who hold tickets to Forked River, or pay the cash fare and notify the conductor after leaving Toms River that such stop is desired.

Charles E. Petty, Field Secretary.

* *

W. U. M. A. OF RHODE ISLAND

The fourteenth annual Convention of the Women's Universalist Missionary Association of Rhode Island for the election of officers and other business, will be held at the East Providence church, Thursday, May 25. The morning session will open at 11, after which there will be a box luncheon with coffee furnished by the East Providence Circle. Both speakers and matters of interest are assured to make this meeting one worth while to those in attendance, and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

Laura E. Hoag, Secretary.

* *

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

St. Paul's-on-the-Midway, Chicago, Ill., May 14-18, 1922

(In connection with this meeting the Universalists will hold special meetings, May 14-16, and the Western Unitarian Conference will hold its 70th Annual Meeting.)

Sunday, May 14. 11 a. m. Special sermons. Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D., at St. Paul's-on-the-Midway. Rev. Lewis B. Fisher, D. D., at Church of the Redeemer. Rev. Lucy Markley, at Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Rev. James W. Vallentyne, D. D., at Oak Park. Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., at Elgin. Rev. Walter H. Macpherson, at Joliet.

Monday, May 15. St. Paul's Church. 1.30 p. m. Conference and Prayer. Rev. N. E. Spicer, leader. 2. "Our Cause in the Middle West," Rev. Luther Riley Robinson. Discussion, Rev. Arthur McDavitt, Racine, Wis. Rev. I. V. Lobdell, Columbus, O. 3. "Religious Education and Revivalism," Rev. Henry F. Cope, A. M., D. D., Secretary of Religious Education Association. Discussion: Rev. N. E. McLaughlin, Monroe, Wis.; Rev. William J. Taylor, Wausau, Wis. 7.30. Conference Meeting, Rev. M. G. Linton, Clinton, Ill., leader. 8. Rev. C. F. Patterson, of Detroit, presiding. General topic, "Universalism." "The Prose of Universalism," Rev. Pliny Allen, Galesburg, Ill. "The Romance of Universalism," Rev. Otto Raspe, Waterloo, Iowa.

Tuesday. 8.30 a. m. Conference, Rev. William Gaskin, leader. 9. Rev. E. M. Minor, presiding. Symposium: Can our Liberal Theology be made to give us more Power, Joy and Enthusiasm for Humanity and draw more people to our Churches? (1) "Do We Need to Change Our Theology?" Rev. Thomas J. Farmer, Minneapolis, Minn., and Rev. A. D. Polson, Hoopeston, Ill. (2) "Do We Need to Change Preachers and Preaching?" Judge Spurgin, Urbana, Ill., and Mrs. Grace Vallentyne, Oak Park, Ill. (3) Do We Need to Change Liberal People?" Rev. W. H. Macpherson, Joliet, Ill., and Rev. John Grimes, Chicago. Discussion: Rev. George Cross Baner, Akron, Ohio; Rev. Charles Alden, Columbus, Ohio; Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., Leroy, Ill.

2 p. m. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., Minneapolis, presiding. Symposium, "Some Aspects of Modern Theology. (1) The Liberals. Horace J. Bridges, leader of the Chicago Ethical Society. (2) The Evangelicals, Rev. Herbert L. Willett, D. D., Disciples Divinity House, University of Chicago; assistant editor of the *Christian Century*. (3) The Fundamentalists. Rev. Paul Riley Allen, D. D., pastor North Shore Congregational Church, Chicago, and president of the Fundamentals Ministers' Union. Open discussion following.

6 p. m. Union Banquet, St. Paul's-on-the-Midway. Tickets, $1.50. Speakers, Rev. F. S. C. Wicks; Rev. Laura B. Galer, Mr. Frank H. Burt, Rev. Clara Cook Helvie, Rev. B. G. Carpenter, D. D. 8 p. m. Union meeting. Speakers, Dr. J. M. Tilden, Horace H. Bridges, A. E. Haydon.

* *

Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Worcester, Mass., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 19, 1922.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Louis F. Merlin,
Secretary.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1922.

WANTED

"Church Harmonies New and Old." Must be in good condition. Any church having these books and wishing to dispose of them will confer a favor by writing Willard O. Bodell, Galveston, Ind., stating number of books and price.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.
FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*
JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

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Very low prices. Send for folder and further information to above address. Reference, Rev. Frank S. Rice Pastor First Parish Church, Saugus, Mass.

WANTED

By a foreign mission worker whose work will bring him to the vicinity of Boston for the summer, a small furnished house within commuting radius of Boston, for three months from July 15. Rent must be very moderate. Address M., care the Universalist Leader.

NOTICE

Pastor Wanted

For Olinda, Ontario, Universalist Church. Salary Eight Hundred Dollars a year, with use of a free furnished parsonage, with light and fuel. Also garden plot.

Ministers interested please communicate with the clerk

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

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